

# Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society



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## Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Ghost Trackers Newsletter is the official paranormal publication of the Ghost Research Society. The GRS was founded in 1978 by Martin V. Riccardo and this publication soon followed in September of 1982. It is published and edited by Dale D. Kaczmarek, President and is put out in February, June and October.

The **Ghost Research Society** is a membership organization devoted to collecting, analyzing and researching all forms of the paranormal with an emphasis on ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. Different memberships are available for those wishing to become more actively involved. We are also looking for officers, State Coordinators, Field Investigators and Area Research Directors for various states and countries.

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Send all inquiries and subscriptions to: **Ghost Research Society**, c/o Dale D. Kaczmarek, PO Box 205, Oak Lawn, IL. 60454-0205 or call (708)425-5163. Make all checks and money orders payable to Dale Kaczmarek.





## Editors page:

Don't you just hate this weather? I guess that depends on where you live, huh? In Chicago, the winter's are quite harsh and snowy and I'm a warm weather man myself. I can't wait until Spring and Summer rolls around.

Thanks to F.S. Miller and Martin Riccardo for the Halloween cards and to the following people for the nice Christmas cards sent: Martin Riccardo, Bill Fuller, Dan Susnara, Fran & Lisa Pizano, Sara Fieberg, Lucy Solis and Greg & Illona Nykaza.

I would also like to thank the many, many people who made the following donations to the GRS. Marge Lemons, Greg & Linda Gracz, Carol Baron-Karajohn and G.L. Phipps for the interesting ghost photographs; John Anderson for the Arizona newspaper article; John Kagawa for the computer text files on the occult; Pat Oster, Tom Perrott, Carol Banach, David Wendell and Lucy Solis for the clippings; Adele Gamble for the books, "Ghosts In The Valley" and "More Ghosts In The Valley"; L.B. Taylor, Jr. for the book, "Ghosts Of Virginia"; David Wendell for the booklet, "The Civil War At Rosehill"; Tom Perrott for the books, "A Seat At The Circus" and "500 British Ghosts and Hauntings"; Stanley Suho for the donation of a negative ion detector device for future investigations; Randolph Liebeck and Mark Scurman for "Weird New Jersey" magazine; Lucy Solis for the transcripts and articles; Dan Susnara for the audio tape he composed "Something In The Pond" about Bachelor's Grove Cemetery and all those who have sent in articles for publication and books for reviews! Thanks!!

I am in the midst of a major upgrade of my existing computer. I have upgraded my motherboard to a 486 33mhz with a 245 mb IDE hard drive, tape backup system and CD Rom. The processing speed is tremendous and future upgrades will include a flatbed scanner for inclusion of pictures in upcoming newsletters. Watch for it! Those interested in buying or upgrading your computer, you must check out The Chicago Computer Exchange. They have the best prices, guarantees and technical support anywhere. They are located at 5225 S. Harper in Chicago (Hyde Park area) or you may call either Paul Erling or Paul Roberts at 312-667-5221. Tell them you heard about them from this newsletter and myself.

Unfortunately there has been a major rift in the International Fortean Organization and most of the major officers have left to begin their own newsletter called Pebbles. Subscriptions are \$16.00 for one year (4 issues) or \$30.00 for two years (8 issues). Mail to: Pebbles, PO Box 469, Arlington, VA. 22210-0469.

## Ghost Research Society

The next bi-monthly meetings dates at the Oak Lawn Public Library for GRS meetings are: March 19th and May 21st, 1994. These meetings should be attended by all current members of the GRS. Much interesting information, guest speakers, audio/visual presentations and opinion polls are shared as well as audience participation and a psychic rap session. In order to maintain your active status you must attend these meetings.

Starting this year, any active member whose attendance to meetings and Field Excursions is below par will not be allowed to re-subscribe as an active member. There are some who have joined as Sustaining or Contributing members and have **never** been to a single meeting or Field Excursion. Those people will be receiving a letter along with the current copy of this newsletter informing them of their current attendance ratio.

I've had to institute this policy because I feel that I must limit the amount of Active membership to no more than 25 at any one time. If I allowed everyone who wanted to be actively involved to join as an Active member, I could conceivably have 50-100 people tagging along on Field Excursions, Special or Haunted House Investigations. This would be impossible and I think that you can see the problems this would present.

I would have to pick and choose just who would go on outings and that wouldn't be fair especially if everyone's attendance to past events was perfect. Plus it's also very hard to plan events not knowing how many Active members will be attending. Those Active members, and you know who you are, need to start showing up at meetings and other GRS-sponsored events to show your support or simply save the \$5 and re-subscribe as a Regular member only.

Since the last edition we have had 14 new members join and received renewals from 13 members. New Patron member is Barbara Huyser; Contributing members include: Kathleen Barwick, Neil Yoblonsky, Charles Reul and Catherine Conrad; Sustaining members are: Dan Susnara, Steve Williams, Greg & Illona Nykaza, Donna Boonstra and Greg & Linda Gracz.

On December 11, 1993 we had a mini-excursion to White Cemetery in Barrington along Cuba Road. We were scheduled to meet several people at a very cozy coffee shop but they couldn't make it. Nevertheless, we still journeyed to the cemetery on a bright sunny but somewhat chilly day. Accompanying me was Lucy Solis, Tom Baker, Dan Susnara, Stanley Suho and Greg & Illona Nykaza. We filmed the area and cemetery consecrated in 1820 with various cameras, IR film, camcorders, portable compasses and tape recorders. Initial analysis of some of the IR film may indicate possible ghostly images. Several people felt very strange in certain portions of the cemetery and further analysis of the video tape and other still photographs is necessary before any final analysis or conclusions can be made. We are planning a Special Investigation for either March or April which will include an overnight stay in a haunted location.

# **Suggested Reasons Why Dorset Should Produce So Many Different Types of Ghost Stories**

By

*Tom Perrott*

For many years I have been an avid collector of Ghost Stories, especially those emanating from Dorset, the county of my birth.

It was not until Michael Williams asked me why I thought there was such a large variety of ghosts there, that I had given that particular aspect of the spectral scene any real consideration.

The more one thinks about it the more one realizes how many possible theories might be put forward as a probable answer to this poser. As the question of ghosts is such a nebulous and intangible one, one can only hazard one's own personal theories in the matter, and can only hypothesize as to the reality and nature of their existence.

Some ghost stories may well date back to the Dawn of our history, and could be most likely half-forgotten Folk memories of past events which have been handed down verbally from generation to generation. As with the game of Chinese Whispers, the descriptions of these events have often been much embellished in the process of their narration. The telling of ghost stories around the fireside was most popular in households, which were remotely situated and 'far from the maddening crowd', and before the days of mass-media entertainment, people had to rely upon their own ability and talents with which to create their own amusements with which to pass away the long winter evenings, an art which now appears to have been, alas, irretrievably lost.

In company with many other coastal counties, the seaside areas of Dorset were hotbeds of smuggling, and with a coastline consisting of so many secluded bays and hidden inlets, how better could the smugglers protect the storehouses for their contraband, than by widely publicizing the fact that many of them were haunted. As a result of the capacious crypts and commodious cellars to be found in many of the churches and Manor houses of the county, which were often used for storage purposes, it is not surprising that many establishments of this nature accommodated their own resident ghosts.

Before the days of standard education, superstition and belief in the supernatural were rife in most of the undeveloped counties, as was Dorset at that time, and people believing that they were apparently experiencing inexplicable phenomena, would often jump to the conclusion that supernatural agencies were at work, rather than

make the attempt to find a rational explanation for them.

Now as a result of increasing modernization and development, Dorset people are no less sophisticated than their neighbors in the adjoining counties.

It is not difficult to see how a century of more ago, a peaceful and largely agricultural county possessing many historical associations, dating back to its very beginning, possessed all the ingredients with which to produce a wide range of ghost stories, which were second to none in the varied history of our country.

This does not mean to say that strange and inexplicable events do not occur from time to time, and in so far as their solutions are concerned, one can only put a question mark against them, because we are all aware that there are 'more things in heaven and earth' than were ever dreamed of in the immortal Shakespeare's philosophy.

Submitted by: Tom Perrott, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N10 2QG, United Kingdom.

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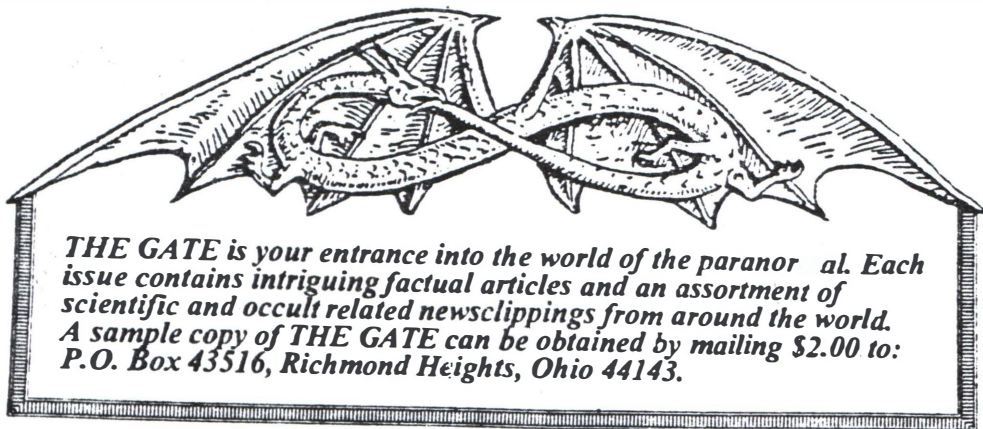
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# The Ghost With Three Graves

By

*Maurice Schwalm*

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We have been working for many months on the case of a poor boy who did not make good. Fr. Henry David Jardine was born in West Canada in 1843, moved to Rochester, N.Y. as a teenager where he managed to serve a two-year prison sentence for stealing from his own relatives, and finally becoming an Episcopal priest who died under mysterious circumstances after both criminal and ecclesiastical trial verdicts had caused a suspension of his clerical functions.

The odd thing is that he probably wasn't guilty of anything more sinister than a penchant for burning incense during his communion services and had several cards left to play at the time of his death in a supposed state of despair.

He had accomplished a few things: he had forged a parish which accepted the practices of the high church movement in a cow-town which still thought the Pope was plotting the overthrow of the government; he founded St. Luke's hospital; he founded an order of teaching nuns and a parochial school; and he was attempting to establish an Episcopal college. After his death he became internationally known as a martyr to the high church cause, which resulted in donations for the purchase of a stained marble altar which was dedicated to his memory in the successor church to his, and was the subject of a best-selling novel by Paul I. Wellman called The Chain, which took its title from a penitential chain found around his waist after his death. This is quite a bit for a man whose peers felt that he should never have been ordained since he was not a "gentleman".

It didn't help matters much that he carried on private confessions with Victorian ladies, or that he sued everyone in sight starting with his own bishop and ending with the Kansas City Times, after excommunicating its editor.

I wasn't sure he was still around until I started taking photographs in the church containing the altar dedicated to him. I found an ectoplasmic skull form carrying a candle, an ectoplasmic egg suggestive of the famous "Jailbird Jardine" photo carried by the Times, a crucifix that felt as though it were suffering and photographed as though it had living hair, a nonexistent stained glass window which was sort of a parody in that it shows a woman riding a toad, a red dog in front of the altar a large ball of infrared light in the supposedly empty crypt under the altar which had been intended for his interment, a chapel filled with spots of

infrared emanations, a cadaverous profile which was identifiable as one of his old enemies and an angel/devil tableau.

A review of church archives and microfilmed newspaper records indicates that he was tried on the basis of testimony that the standing committee of the diocese describes as "pimps, gamblers, and harlots". They must have regretted ever being involved in a secret investigation of ritualistic practices which far antedated the morals charge in the Times.

As of this writing, there are many missing documents, which as two copies of the ecclesiastical trial record (which Jardine's attorneys were never able to see, either), a transcript of the hearing for a new trial conducted in secret by the bishop and never reported to his own standing committee or to the general convention of the diocese, and the bishop's private diary, volume 8, which should deal with the critical dates.

On the other hand, the burial records, or the repositories where those records ought to exist, are accessible. They do not reflect any of the alleged secret reinterments referred to in a private document written by a successor priest who was also his first biographer. The only certain record is of a vault (temporary storage) at the old Union Cemetery in a tomb which looks like Calvary itself.

Submitted by: Maurice Schwalm, PO Box 3522, Kansas City, KS. 66103-0522.

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# The Power Of Legends

By

*Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley*

If you ever travel to Bucksport, Maine, and stop at the local Shop & Save, take a moment to walk across the street and peer into the little cemetery. There, you will see a strange sight, indeed. On a large granite marker dedicated to Jonathan Buck, Revolutionary War hero and founder of Bucksport, you will see the unmistakable outline of a leg and foot.

Ever since this strange phenomena appeared, there have been many legends to explain it; the most popular being, one, that Buck had a robust Puritan nature, and despised anything he considered ungodly, and that when a woman was brought before him accused of Witchcraft, he sentenced her to be hung, and with her last words she put a curse on him, saying that he foot would forever rest on his grave so all the world would know he had murdered an innocent woman.

The second story goes that a heinous murder was committed in the community in which a young woman was not only killed, but her body was chopped up into many pieces, and scattered about the community; all parts being recovered save one leg. A feeble minded man was arrested, tried and convicted of the crime, but swore to his innocence, saying that Heaven knew who was truly guilty and the leg would appear on his grave to forever tell the world the truth.

Now, historical records deny both tales. Though there were several murders as described, they all happened far from Bucksport, and no one was ever tried for them. As to the Witch, history tells us Mainers never participated in the terrors carried out by their Massachusetts neighbors. As a matter of fact, the reverse may have been true. Mainers may have protected many accused of the Dark Arts.

Some time ago I sent my Agents to speak with Buck and have him comment on these accusations. They reported back to me, saying he gave a hearty laugh and said, "Enough has been written on that nonsense! Let the foolish believe what they will believe, and let the wise know what is true."

But still legends have power far beyond the understanding of mortal men, and I would like to relate to you a tale told to me by a friend who I will call James.

James and I often roamed together in our youth. We were both known for our bad temperament and fondness of drinking. One day, however, I met James and invited him to a party. And to my surprise he refused, saying he'd given up drinking and was settling down. I asked him how this came about.

"I cannot tell you here," he told me, "I don't want anyone

else to hear." So we met at one of our favorite stopping places down the road. "A couple of weeks ago," he explained, "I had a fight with my girlfriend, Penny, because I found out she was seeing somebody else, too. Things got real nasty, and I went back to my brother's, to get his gun. But on the way back I was so drunk I staggered into the cemetery and fell asleep against one of the tombstones. I was suddenly awakened by cold hands shaking me. I looked up to find a withered man standing over me. He pointed a bony finger at me, and in a trembling voice cried, 'Think what you do, young man, think what you do! Do not bear the curse of a woman's blood on your hands for all eternity!'"

"I let a screech out of me and ran. The next thing I knew I was in my mother's house waking up and thought it was all a dream, until my brother called, wanting to know where his pistol was. I ran back to the cemetery and there it was, laying right by the tombstone where I left it!

"Penny and I have made up and she says as long as I stay sober there won't be anybody else. So that's why no more parties."

At the time I really laughed at my friend's story. I thought it was pretty wild. But now I wonder....I really do wonder.

Submitted by: Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley, PO Box 5104, Ellsworth, ME. 04605.

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# "The Little Girl"

By

*Bruce Allen Sprinkle*

The old Stewart family plot had been missing a long time. According to the records at the Carroll County Museum, the old cemetery was located somewhere north of a small town called Deer Creek, here in Indiana, just a few miles from where I live.

The old bridge over Little Rock Creek ditch on SR 29 had to be replaced, and construction began. In September of 1991, workers were grading for a right of way, when a worker named Toney Isom, noticed two broken old tombstones. They belonged to John Stewart, who died in 1852, and his granddaughter, Mariah Stewart, who died in 1862. It is not known just how old Mariah was when she died, but according to the records, she could have been no older than three. The broken tombstones were removed, and the newly found graveyard marked off.

Soon afterwards, a truck driver going over the new bridge saw a little girl there, dressed in black lace, and holding a stuffed toy. According to the driver, there was chatter on his CB radio from other truckers who had seen the little girl. He was concerned, because the girl was all alone there, in the middle of the night. He then called the Cass County Sheriff's Department, who notified the Carroll County Sheriff's Department, and both departments sent officers there to check it out.

They searched for hours in a two mile radius of the new bridge. They looked in a nearby barn, and woke up all the residents in the area, asking if they had a little girl missing, but all were accounted for. Finally, the search was given up.

During the day, passersby noticed what appeared to be a stuffed toy on the bridge, and at night reports of strange phenomena persisted. A teenager named Jason Carmen, was frightened by what appeared to be a bluish-white film, forming the silhouette of a little girl running across the bridge.

As can be expected the story spread, and hoards of teenagers had to be removed from the bridge, because their cars were blocking traffic.

Since then, interest in the apparition has diminished considerably.

Submitted by: Bruce Allen Sprinkle, Rt. 1, Walton, IN. 46994.

# Kona's Haunted Palace

By

*Richard Senate*

Hawaii is a haunted place where legends and myths seem to come to life under the long hot days and golden sunsets. One such place stands on the shoreline of beautiful Kona, on the island of Hawaii. It was built of lava stone and coral in 1838 and it was used as a vacation spa by the kings of old Hawaii. It is called the Hulihee Palace.

It was first called to my attention by a Native American woman with a well known psychic gift. She had been invited to Hawaii to take part in a special festival and only had time to tour a few of the many historical sites in the community. She visited the Mokuaikaia Church where she felt nothing of a supernatural nature and then toured the two-storied palace. Here she encountered the sad ghost of a little boy. The boy kept with her while she toured the house and she didn't mention what she saw for fear of spooking the guide and other tourists. The apparition vanished away. At the end of the tour another of the visitors asked about the ghost of a little boy -- she had seen it too!

After hearing this I planned to visit the palace to determine if the place was really haunted. It stands on the rugged coast right in the center of Kona, on the Kailua Bay. Impressive and yet lonely, it caught my eye at once. Though the palace was closed, I was fortunate to receive an invitation to tour the place from a member of the Daughters of Hawaii who maintain the house as a museum. The rooms were filled with ornate furnishings of the last century and some fine artifacts of ancient Hawaii. There was a dark, sad feeling about the large room with high ceilings, but that might be explained away by my study of the tragic Hawaiian monarchy and its demise, at the hands of greedy Yankee planters a century ago. The pictures of Hawaii's kings and queens lined the walls and looked back with deep, compelling eyes through time -- as if to ask "why", "why did the newcomers wish to destroy so much that was beautiful?"

I toured the upper floor where the woman had met the phantom boy. I felt nothing out of the ordinary -- perhaps the child had moved on at long last -- or maybe I wasn't receptive to his wandering spirit. I asked the volunteer if she knew of any stories of ghosts or strange events in the Hulihee Palace. She winked her eyes and smiled in a way that seemed to imply that she knew something but was reluctant to talk to an outsider.

"I will tell you one story that really happened to me," she began. She pointed out one of the ornate, carved cabinets in the royal bedroom. It was a wondrous piece with many scrolls, and



displayed a remarkable workmanship.

"King David Kalakaua, one of the greatest of Hawaiian rulers, commissioned a Chinese woodworker in Kona to make the cabinet for him. Because it was a job for the king, the Chinese craftsman went out of his way to make the piece exceptional.

"Because of its many fine features, the king sent it to the World's Fair to show what the subjects of the Hawaiian kingdom could do. It was sent back after the Fair and given the honored spot next to the royal bed. But, over the years the name of the craftsman was forgotten and the intricate cabinet was known as the cabinet that went to France.

"A few years ago a volunteer was cleaning the royal bedroom when she distinctly heard a moan in the room next to her. She looked and she was very much alone! She looked all around and even called downstairs to the volunteer working at the front desk to see if a tourist was in the building. The other volunteer confirmed that they were alone. The odd moan echoed again! Now it seemed to come from the fine cabinet. It came a third time as she walked closer.

"With the angle of the sunlight just right she saw something everyone had missed for over a century. Worked into the design of the handle was a name carved in Chinese characters and in Hawaiian-English script. It was the long forgotten name of the Chinese cabinet maker! Members of the historical preservation flew in from Honolulu to see the name that was, seemingly, pointed out by the ghost!"

The palace is indeed haunted by the unique history of the Hawaiian Islands -- their glories and their decline as an independent nation.

Submitted by: Richard Senate, 422 Staunton St., Camarillo, CA. 93010.

## Ψ P S I REVIEW

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# Ghostly Experiences

By

*Malcolm Robinson*

Ghosts and hauntings, these words convey to some individuals, an indepth fear of the paranormal, the chilling thought that deceased persons which in some cases, have returned from the grave to once again appear, if only in shadowy forms, and to fill us with fear with their grimly presences, is a fact that few seriously minded persons cannot now dismiss. Strange tales of ghosts and hauntings can be found in all corners of the earth and records show that accounts of ghostly presences go well back into antiquity.

As a researcher on the paranormal, I take from my files some interesting tales of ghostly visitors, of which the persons whom relayed the information to me can find no rational explanation to give to them. A further point should be stated that in no way did these individuals feel that they were hallucinating, rather they were adamant that they were in full awareness of their senses, and that this to them was something totally unexplainable and something which they will never forget.

Our first account comes from a Mrs. Fox from Lingwood Norwich. Mrs. Fox has always had an interest in unexplainable phenomena, which was partly due to some events which occurred to her during the early part of her life. One of the first incidents which although Mrs. Fox found baffling, it did not frighten her, was the apparition of a young man who appeared at the foot of her bed one evening. This young man was known to Mrs. Fox, in fact, she used to look after him as he was slightly backward, but she had never seen him for over four years. The apparition smiled at Mrs. Fox, then in a matter of seconds faded and nothing more was to be seen. The following day Mrs. Fox was surprised to meet, after four years, this young man's mother. She came into the office where Mrs. Fox worked and informed her that her son whom Mrs. Fox had cared for, has passed away in the night. At that moment Mrs. Fox knew, that this young man had made his last appearance to her, no doubt as a token of his respect and love for the care and attention Mrs. Fox had given him. Mrs. Fox has also witnessed other apparitions during her life of which none have ever frightened her. She accepts the hereafter and that the people she has seen, are by their presences making known to her, that there is life after death.

Our next case is slightly more different in that the person witnessed an apparition of his mother but at that time she was not dead, she in fact died the following year. Mr. Young of Invergowie, Scotland takes up this unusual story.

"I live in a village and when my son was just over two years



old, he was with his granny who lived in a small house just down the road. So I went down to collect him, as I was reaching the house I saw my mother and son go up the path and into her house, but when I went in there was nobody there. I knew it was her as she was wearing a red coat, I then came back out the house and started to walk back up the path, I was then startled to see my mother and son approaching me coming back up the road. I soon learned that they were just back from visiting the shops and were just now arriving home. This was in 1961 and unfortunately mum passed away a year later in 1962. To this day I still can't explain it, but I definitely saw them. I'll always remember it".

This is certainly an unusual case when we consider the fact that Mr. Young's mother was still alive when he witnessed her, and that his young son was also to be seen accompanying her into the house. It's certainly an incident that Mr. Young will not forget for a very long time. If one tries to seek an answer or solution to this unusual case, it may come from the phenomenon known as the "Doppleganger Effect". What happens here is that some individuals have witnessed there own doubles, (complete copies of their physical bodies approaching them, then disappearing).

In all cases of reported "Doppleganger Effects", in which to my knowledge, has resulted in the death for those whom have witnessed there own double. But as we have learned it was the son who witnessed his mother and son's doubles, not the mother herself. We may also ask about the young boy, why was he in this vision?

Whatever the answer is to this particular incident be it due to Mr. Young's imagination, or true visual interpretation of a psychic phenomenon, it is indeed intriguing.

We move on to Ireland now for our next case. During 1979 Mrs. Eileen Pearson of Edinburgh, Scotland decided to take a short holiday to Ireland with her two young children aged 4 1/2 and 7 1/2. They planned to visit her sister in Killarney. Whilst waiting on the plane at Edinburgh Airport, she learned that it would be delayed for two hours owing to engine trouble (which is a set-back few of us enjoy). When finally arriving in Dublin Airport, she hailed a waiting taxi which took her to the railway station, where she then enquired of the station master about a train which would take her and her two children to Killarney. Unfortunately they had just missed this particular train and the next one was not scheduled until 9:40 a.m. the following morning.

Slightly downhearted Eileen felt that her best bet would be to take bed and breakfast accommodation, and then meet her train the following morning. With some difficulty she eventually found accommodation in the form of "The Kerry Arms Hotel". After making arrangements with the landlady at the hotel, she was ushered to an attic room at the top of the hotel. Mrs. Pearson explains that the room, which was not over elaborately furnished only having two beds, a dressing table and a chair, was comfort enough in that she and her two young children were exhausted from the days events. As it was getting late Mrs. Pearson set about putting her children to bed, the oldest child slept in one bed himself, whilst she and her younger son slept together in the other bed. It was roughly around

11:30 p.m. that she put out the light and settled down for hopefully a good night's sleep. She never envisaged the events which were to follow.

It was a little while later that the events on which this case is based began to make themselves known. The first thing that Mrs. Pearson was aware of was a consistent tugging at the bedcovers. Her first thought was that her oldest son was playing a practical joke and looked over expecting to see an empty bed, but much to her surprise saw that her eldest son was still sound asleep. Mrs. Pearson was by now very alarmed and more so because she now heard a scratching or clawing noise on the headboard of her bed. She likened the noise to that of a dog clawing on wood. She was by now petrified. She found that she was unable to move, unable to scream. She lay there for what seemed an eternity which even in itself was frightening. She then got out of bed and put on the light and did a quick check of the room - everything was in its proper place. Still slightly shaken, she left the light on and tried to get back to sleep. She did in fact get back to sleep and nothing else was heard that particular night. At breakfast, the landlady kept staring at Mrs. Pearson and she somehow knew that the landlady knew all about that room and its secrets, and was, by the look on her face, waiting for Mrs. Pearson's account of what she had experienced. But Mrs. Pearson was in no mood to talk about it. After breakfast was over she quickly gathered her children, said goodbye to the landlady and was out of the hotel as quick as you like.

There is a footnote to this particular story. Some months later she did a bit of checking up on that hotel, and found out that that hotel and the street it was in, was the scene of many murders. In fact it was mainly servants whom were murdered in that street. This may or may not have anything to do with Mrs. Pearson's experience. Wherever the answer lies, she won't be going back to that hotel to find out.

It's been stated that some people are more prone to witness ghosts, in that they themselves may have some form of psychic ability, and perhaps that this ability enables them to witness ghosts and the like which not all of us without this ability could do. This may well be the case and is certainly worth considering.

Our next ghostly encounter was related to me by a Mrs. Graham of Glasgow, in which she tells of witnessing her dead gram. But let's start at the beginning.

During 1959 Mrs. Graham's gram was suffering from a terminal illness, the old lady lived in a house which was lit by gas mantle as she did not like electricity. After a period of time the old lady passed on and the house lay empty for a short while, and as a matter of fact, Mrs. Graham and her husband were the next tenants of the house. It was roughly 16 months after the death of her gram that Mrs. Graham first saw her again. One day she happened to go into the bedroom and was shocked to see her dead gram standing before her. Mrs. Graham could see right through her to the furniture beyond. She was so frightened by this apparition that she immediately turned and ran screaming for her husband.



Over a period of time Mrs. Graham repeatedly was aware of her gram's presence in her home, but she began to lose her original fears towards her. As I have already mentioned in this article, it's been stated that some people may have more psychic ability to perceive these ghostly visitors than the rest of us. And it so happens that Mrs. Graham is herself psychic to an extent especially in premonition, in which she has time and time again proved her visions come true to the amazement of her friends. So it may well be that the theory of one's psychic ability may have a bearing to this effect.

My next case concerns the sighting of a strange ghostly form by three young girls, aged between 18 and 20, who were driving home from a late night disco. It was back in May 1981 that Heather and Gillian who live in Dunfermline, along with Hilary Guthrie who lives in Rosyth, Scotland, were returning from a favorite nite-spot in Kircaldy Fife namely "Bentlys". They were driving along the B925 Auctertool Road at roughly 1:30 a.m. after what Miss Guthrie explains was a very good night's entertainment. They were not in any way drunk, and drink fairly moderately as a rule. At that time of the morning the road was deserted, in fact they hadn't passed, or been passed, by any cars whatsoever. It was whilst they were driving along this road that all three of them shared a particularly unpleasant experience, as Miss Guthrie now explains.

"We were sitting chatting away about how we had enjoyed ourselves when all of a sudden Heather and Gillian started screaming. I still don't know how Heather managed to keep control of the car. I turned around and all I managed to see was something small and pure white disappearing behind a brick wall which was running along beside the road. After my friends had stopped screaming I asked them what it was that I had caught a glimpse of. Both their stories were the same, it was something pure white, with a white face with no features. It had thin arms and fingers, very small fingers and arms like a child's and they were also pure white. It was trying to climb over the wall but when it saw the headlights of our car, it must have went behind the wall again. At work on Monday, we were telling everyone about the "ghost" we had seen, I don't think anyone believed us except one girl whose aunt lives in Auchtertool. She related her aunt saw a ghost once and it was the exact same description as we had given her.

The unusual feature about this case is the fact that if this was an apparition as these three young girls seem to think that it was, why did it appear to be climbing over a wall? Most of us envisage these ghostly forms as being able to pass through walls and closed doors with ease, so surely a stone wall would be no problem for a wandering ghost. Could it then have been a practical joker? While we should look for all possibilities before we come to any firm conclusion, I do think that the practical joker theory to explain this incident wears a bit thin.

Firstly, as we have stated it was roughly 1:30 a.m. and these girls were driving along a stretch of road, which although to some it would appear feasible for someone to be trying to scare oncoming motorists by jumping out from behind a wall, on this not so heavily

used road route, I think it highly unlikely. I cannot see any possible reason why someone should partake in this ridiculous behavior. It seems to me totally futile. One thing we should bear in mind regarding the observation by Miss Guthrie, is the fact that this apparition or whatever wasn't keen to be seen. Apparently when the lights from their oncoming car reached the spot where this thing was, it quickly disappeared from sight. So as I have already pointed out, the practical joker theory doesn't fit. Also what of the lack of features on this apparition (or whatever's) face? There may have been some features there, but possibly by the headlights striking this pure white apparition (or whatever) they were somehow flattened out? Another point to remember in the girl's favor is the admission by an aunt that she too observed what might have been (and probably was) the same thing, and on that same stretch of road. The one remaining thing that puzzles me is the fact that, "*ghosts don't climb walls*" (or do they?)

My next case comes from a lady from Falkirk, Scotland who has longed to relate all her unusual experiences, but has not done so for fear of being laughed at. She was so glad to relate them to me as she knew of my interest in the field. I shall not set about interpreting her incidents from her letter, rather I shall quote her letter in its entirety. I have had to protect the woman's identity in the instance as she does not want her name to be known. We shall refer to her as Mrs. Margaret Baxter.

"The first incident that happened to me was when I was a 12 year old girl, I told my mother that she was going to have a baby girl. My mother was waiting for confirmation on her pregnancy and had never mentioned it to me. It turned out that I was right. When I was 17 my grandmother was dying of cancer. My mother at the time worked as an office cleaner in the evenings and so that she could remain at my gram's side without losing her pay, I went from my own work to clean offices for her. While dusting one office, I distinctly heard the sound of wings flapping, but distant. They seemed to come closer until they sounded right above my head, "*huge flapping wings*". They sounded that real I actually ducked, then the sound receded. I looked at the wall clock, it was almost 20 minutes to 7 p.m. I finished cleaning the office and then went home. When I reached home I was informed that my grandmother had died, I was surprised though to learn that she had died at the exact time that I was hearing those strange flapping noises in that office.

"When my twins were born three years later, I was staying in my parents house. My husband being a soldier was abroad at the time. I awoke early one morning. I knew no sound has awoke me. I then seemed to sit up without using my hands to aid me and turned my head towards the cot against the opposite wall. Leaning over one cot was a grey foggy shape, as it straightened, I recognized it as gram. It then glided along to the head of the next cot and again leaned over. As it straightened a second time it seemed to disintegrate. I felt not fear, in fact I promptly lay down and went back to sleep.

"Two years later (1973) I joined my husband in Benhauser, a



small but expanding village near Paderborn in West Germany. Although we lived in a modern and attractive flat I felt very uneasy on entering it. There was something clearly oppressive about it. To begin with, silly things happened more annoying or amusing than frightening and indeed although I felt uneasy I didn't feel any fear. My lipsticks and perfumes (and even my contraceptives) at one time were missing, they would turn up after a few days in the strangest of places i.e. the oven, toilet pan, vegetable rack, and even in the budgie cage? I presumed the mischief maker to be female, since it seemed to be my belongings it held so much interest in, and nicknamed it "Flossie", much to my then skeptical husbands amusement. One night the bottle opener went missing. Before going to bed that night I said "goodnight Flossie" and please give the opener back as its no use to you. On entering the sitting room the next morning, there was the opener in the center of the coffee table. Gradually things got more exasperating and I began to think that "Flossie" wasn't alone.

"I'd come home from shopping to find all the lights blazing, all the cooker rings were on and the hot air heaters were blowing away. Ornaments would be rearranged and dresses were laid out on the bed. Then we began to hear a baby crying. Each time the hall door was opened the crying stopped. This was also heard by friends who were visiting us. One of my twins (the girl) then almost three years old, began talking about the man. She would giggle and squirm and talk of the man tickling her. My husband was in bed at one time with the flu and came through to the sitting room very shaken; someone (or thing) had entered the room, stroked his forehead and tucked his blankets in around him. Things began to get worse and I began to be afraid. My daughter stopped giggling and began screaming and crying instead, complaining of the man pulling her hair and knocking her down. We would lie in bed at night and listen to the air-heaters and other electrical gadgets being plugged in, and it sounded as though all Hell had broke loose. We would then have to steal ourselves to go around the flat switching everything off again.

"At one time a friend stayed with me while our husbands were away. I left her sitting on the settee feeding her baby while I made some supper. She came into the kitchen a few minutes later looking strange and very jumpy. Finally she said, 'I thought I saw a strange woman through there'. She went on to tell me as she sat feeding her baby (she was sitting turned slightly on the edge of the settee) she thought someone was looking over her shoulder. As she turned her head, she thought she saw a tall woman directly behind her. She jumped from the settee and turned fully round; there was no one there. Needless to say my friend left early next morning.

"Yet another friend called one afternoon and as we lived a good distance from the official army quarters, and had a very poor bus service. Our friends nearly always ended up staying over. This friend decided to wash her hair in the evening. She came out of the bathroom looking very frightened and near to panic. After some time she had calmed herself down enough to say she felt

someone's hand on the back of her head, pushing her head down into the water as she rinsed her hair. Often while taking a shower, either my husband or I would get the shock of our lives when the temperature gauge suddenly changed. It was bad enough when it went cold, but very unnerving if it went to hot. (We left that flat after ten months). I know the house was only built in 1971, but know very little of the village except that it was a gestapo stronghold at one time. Soldiers in my husband's squadron told us, that the couple who were in the house before us only managed to stay there for five weeks, and in fact the woman ended up on nerve tablets. The couple who moved in after us had no trouble at all and lived there very happily. I also felt very depressed and short-tempered and often very violent at times during my stay there, all very out of character. These feelings all left me once I had left that flat. I knew that in some way these feelings were connected with the flat. I certainly won't forget my stay in Benhauser in a hurry.

"My next out of the ordinary encounter and my last to date, was back in 1979. While in my kitchen making tea before going on the evening nursing shift, I thought I heard my life long friend (who had emigrated) shout my name. Most people call me Maggie but Anne always called me Margaret, and it was Margaret she shouted. But the shout seemed to come from inside my head. It made me think of her and ponder over this voice for a minute, then I dismissed it. My husband came to meet me at the hospital that night with the news of Anne's death. Her husband's four-seater plane had hit a mountain over the borders of Australia. Much later that evening, after hours of crying I was preparing for bed, when again Anne's voice (within my head) was saying, 'And my baby too Margaret'. So it came as no surprise to me when I received a letter from Anne's in-laws in Australia telling me Anne had been pregnant but had only just found out before her death."

Well strange experiences indeed. I think a few of us would relish experiences of the nature of which Mrs. Margaret Baxter had to contend with. My final incident concerning ghosts and paranormal experiences had the added bonus in that a photograph was obtained of what could be impressions of two ghostly human figures, adult and child? I give now the strange story of the Balnakeil ghost photograph.

It was sometime in August 1980, Mrs. McEwan can't remember the exact date, that she again visited her family, the small village of Balnakeil which is situated at the north-westerly tip of Scotland and is only about a mile away from Durness, the largest town for quite some miles. Mrs. McEwan, from Clackmannan, Clackmannanshire, Scotland, loves visiting with her family this small village of Balnakeil. Although the countryside is very barren, the scenery is quite breath-taking, and in general this part of Scotland is not overrun by the many tourists which visit Scotland every year. A couple of days before the McEwan family set out on their long journey north, Mrs. McEwan purchased a Polaroid 2000 Instamatic camera. The camera itself is an update model on previous models, whereby the photograph develops in minutes. With the previous



models, the photograph was placed between two aluminum plates and held underneath the photographers arm. Not so with her new model. Mrs. McEwan decided to go down to Balnakeil beach to take some pictures with her new camera. The sky was a lovely shade of bluey-pink and she felt that this would make a nice picture.

She decided to sort of composite the picture and have a piece of the beach in the foreground of the shot, with the sky in the distance. This she did, and once she looked at the developed photograph, she was more than surprised to notice what appeared to be a gable-end of a house, with another building to the right of the photograph. To say she was surprised at what she had photographed would be an understatement. She was quite taken aback to see these buildings in her photograph, as there were no buildings in her direct line of vision whilst taking the picture. The nearest buildings were about 20 to 30 yards away. Ghostly figures? Ghostly buildings? While the general public will debate whether or not apparitions exist, "in the truest sense of the word or not", they may find it hard to accept the phenomenon of ghostly buildings. But this I must hastily add is in fact part and parcel with the phenomena of ghosts. There are many good cases on record in which people have witnessed ghostly buildings, and when looking again, they were not there or they were in the process of dematerializing. But in the Balnakeil case, nothing was to be seen (with the naked eye anyway).

We have only what the camera has caught. Could the camera then have penetrated into time past? There may have been buildings there at one time, but as yet I have been unable to verify this, (but hope to reach an answer soon). The camera has proved to be a very valuable tool in the aspect of proving paranormal phenomena. While it is accepted that photographs can be tampered with, and in some cases, "touched up", in general there have been a good many photographs which have stood the test and proved that there is something unexplainable, and which cries out for recognition. We all want to know "what's going on", and while at times apparitions can be invisible to us, the camera can sometimes capture them, as it did with these following examples.

In June 1966, Gordon Carroll a young photographer, took some photographs inside a Norman Church, that of St. Mary's Woodford, England to record its fine architecture. When he developed these pictures, he was surprised to see a figure kneeling at the altar, (he has not witnessed this figure whilst taking his pictures). Also, back in 1940, a local solicitor from the town of Arundel, Sussex, took a photograph of St. Nicholas's Church Arundel. When the photographs were developed he was astonished to see a figure standing at the altar in the church, again this person saw nothing out of the ordinary when he was taking his pictures.

These are but two of the many examples to be found in which the camera has caught something of which its photographer missed. But let us now go back to our Balnakeil photograph.

Mrs. McEwan knows a little of the local history concerning the village of Balnakeil and the surrounding countryside and has heard that Balnakeil beach is supposed to be haunted. Whilst not

entirely disbelieving in ghosts she prefers to keep an open mind on the subject. The photograph taken three years ago, has slightly faded "according to Mrs. McEwan". So it would appear that not only do we have a possible picture of a ghost, but also of buildings which were, as Mrs. McEwan relates, not there. The fact remains then that unseen images have appeared on a finished photographic print. Mrs. McEwan's testimony plainly states that there was nothing to be seen apart from the view that she was about to take.



One may notice from the photograph, that above the rooftops there is a double image which may be due to slight camera shake. If the images on this photograph were due to developing flaws then fair enough, but surely they wouldn't conform to sharply defined buildings? It isn't what one would call the best photograph in the world, and as I have already mentioned the photograph has slightly faded since it was originally taken. If Mrs. McEwan was elaborating or trying to touch the photograph up, (which I honestly feel she did not) then she waited three years before she made the photograph known, even then it was only through the grapevine that I became aware of the picture. It is my own personal opinion that Mrs. Molly McEwan is relating the facts of the photograph as carefully and honestly as she possibly can. She is still very much puzzled by what the photograph shows and would like someone to tell her exactly what she has photographed. I firmly believe that Mrs. Molly McEwan has been one of the fortunate people who have taken a photograph of what at first was (to the naked eye), just a normal scene, and was astonished to see unseen images appear on her developed picture. I should also like to point out here that, more pictures were obtained by this camera on her holidays up at Balnakeil, and some more were taken on the beach. None showed anything out of the ordinary, no pictures wasted, i.e. the color in the rest of the pictures were O.K. Regarding the ghosts themselves. I have studied the photograph under a strong light and with the aid of a magnifying glass. These images to me show two forms, one slightly smaller form standing in the front and a slightly taller form standing lop-sided at the back. To recap then, images to the like which were not visibly present to the photographer have turned up on a finished photographic plate by means as yet unknown.

These then are but a few incidents from my files concerning ghosts and the paranormal. Every letter I received, I believed to be genuine, in as much as these people who sent these letters would like explanations towards them. These people share a common experience. Experiences which thousands have had from all walks of life and from all parts of the world. Much has been written about the phenomenon of ghosts and many speculations have been put forward. Why is it that man has not resolved this most fascinating of phenomenon's. We cannot say that ghosts do not exist, for that has been proven otherwise by the countless experiences of others. The wealth of data to substantiate their claims is to put it lightly "overwhelming". The paranormal deserves the most serious attention, we need answers. We need a positive solution to once and for all resolve the enigma of this centuries old mystery. I



can only hope that one day we may reach that answer.

Submitted by: Malcolm Robinson of Strange Phenomena Investigations,  
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## Book Reviews

**Ghosts and How To See Them by Peter Underwood (Anaya Publishers Limited, Strode House 44-50 Osnaburgh St., London NW1 3ND; Distributed by: Trafalgar Square, North Pomfret, VT. 05053, 1993, hardcover, 136 pages, ISBN: 1-85470-156-8)**

This is the latest of many books written by Ghost Club President, Peter Underwood whom I had the opportunity of meeting when I traveled to England in 1985. It is nicely illustrated with over 100 photographs of both locations and alleged ghost pictures as well.

The book is broken down into chapters about ghosts existence, spotting the difference, evidence worldwide, photographing ghosts, where and when they are seen, what to do if you see one, aids for the upcoming ghost hunter, a conclusion chapter entitled 'A Problem For Science' and a list of organizations and books worldwide.

I especially found the chapter on photographing ghosts to be highly interesting with many good photographs of alleged ghosts; some I've never seen before reading this book. Any newcomer to the field of parapsychology will enjoy the chapter entitled 'Practical Aids for the Ghost Hunter' as it lists tools of the trade, sort to speak, and how you should use them properly in the field. Some of the "tools" are quite simple such as flour to spread on the floor just in case the ghost might leave footprints to sophisticated devices for detecting electromagnetic fields.

Many of the ghost tales presented in the book were also new to me and I found some of them to be quite interesting. It seems you can't turn a corner in England without coming in contact with a ghost. Perhaps that is due to the "folklore accepted" attitude that prevails overseas.

In general I found the book to be a great one to read and either brush up if you are already an experienced ghost hunter or to start from scratch if you aren't. Rated a 7 out of a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

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**Big Sky Ghosts: Eerie True Tales of Montana, Volume One by Debra D. Munn (Pruett Publishing Company, 2928 Pearl St., Boulder, CO. 80301, 1993, softbound, 146 pages, \$14.95, ISBN: 0-87108-838-X)**

The first thing I noticed when I received my review copy of this fine book was, Volume One. I hope that means that additional volumes will follow because I know of so few places in Montana that are alleged to be haunted that I crave to know more. There must be more since the state is so huge in geographic area.

Debra Munn is a long-standing member of the GRS and this is not her first, nor will it be her last, book on the subject of regional ghost stories. She presents the stories in Big Sky Ghosts in a no nonsense frame of mind with emphasis on reader

believability in the tales told. The book has photographs which is always a plus and one near the end of the book shows a window of Butte's Cooper King Mansion that appears to have the strange figure of an inverted sailing ship in the lower panes. Apparently there was no one this could have been caused by any natural explanations according to the photographer, Tony DiFronzo, who took the unusual photograph in 1990.

One of the longest chapters in the book deals with all the ghostly activity surrounding the Little Bighorn or sometimes referred to as 'Custer's Last Stand'. Reports from seasoned employees as well as visitors to the park and memorial indicate that this might be the most haunted national monument in the U.S.!

I found reading to be quite enjoyable and also found it very hard to put down. I highly recommend this book and anxiously await volume 2...3...4, etc. Rated a 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

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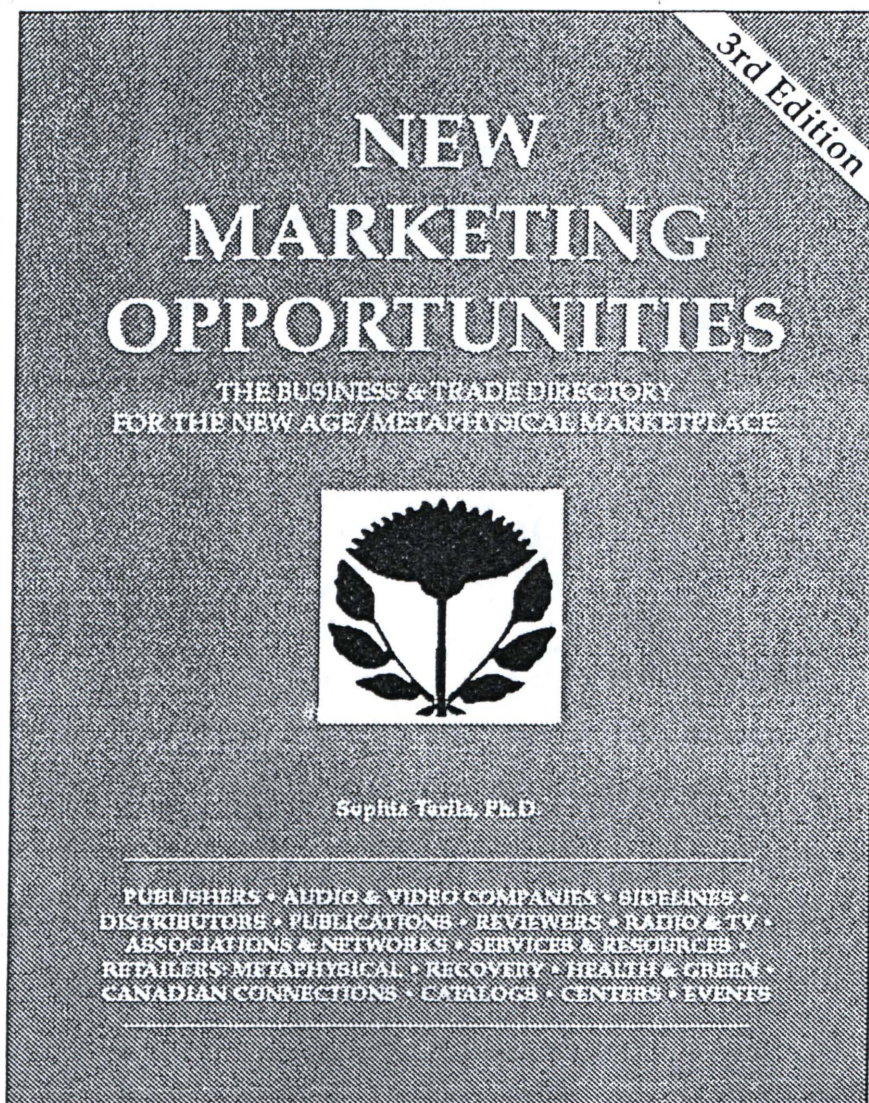
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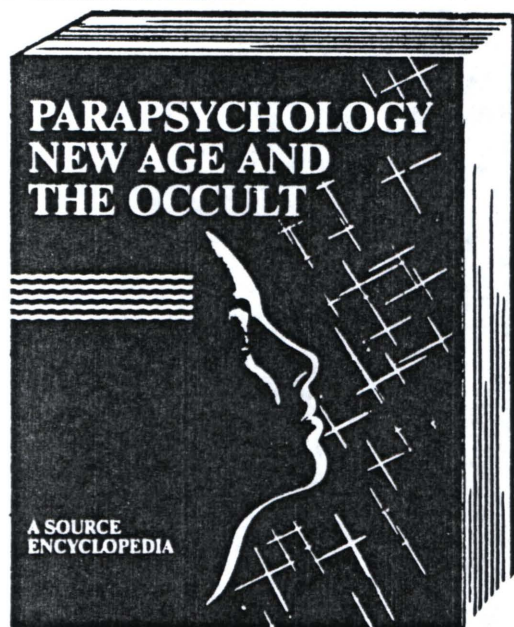
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